LITERATURE

The Lesson of the Life of an American Sailor.

SOME THEOLOGICAL BOOKS.

A Glance at the Latest Novels.

GEORGE SAND'S INFLUENCE.

What the Girl with Her Feet on the Fender Said About Poetry.

LIPE OF ANDREW H. POOTE, REAR ADMIRAL UNITED STATES NAVY. By James M. Hoppin, Professor in Yale College. Harpers, 1874. Here is the story, gracefully and judiciously

told, of the life of a very remarkable man-of a Christian gentleman and of as brave and thorough a sailor as ever stepped a deck. It is with the author, too, a labor of love, and as natural a growth of the New Haven soil as are the noble ms that hang over his hero's grave. It is marred by very few of those blemisnes which invariably are detected in cierical and semi-cierical composition, and by at least one mistake into which we wonder so painstaking a biographer should be betrayed. One blemish is such a strange, mad deduction as we find at page 59, where we read, speaking of one of Foote's early cruises, that "the spirit room was emptied of its contents and the whole crew, with the exception of one veteran toper, joined the movement, so that the Cumberland became the first temperance ship in the United States Navy; and how interesting is this when we think of the future fate of this vessel, selected to be the martyr ship of the civil war, when, in the terrible fight with the iron-clad and iron-beaked Merriwith her flag flying and her crew cheering, she delivered her last fire at her country's foes, and went down unconquered and unsullied in her pure renown." Another mistake—unless we read history very incorrectly-is in attributing to the attack on Qualiabattoo (p. 41), in Sumatra, which occurred in 1831, and in which Commodore Downes took part (Cooper's Naval History, vol. 3, p. 31). These, however, we are aware, are very minute criticisms, though it is just as well in historical writing to be strictly accurate as to facts, and to avoid "sentiment" and "coinci-

The book is really a very clever one. It may not be for our navy what "Southey's Nelson" is to the British service, but no naval lad or man can read it and make its chief actor a study without

The highest and we doubt not the happiest portion of Poote's career, of which, if egotism can ever be permitted to mingle with criticism, we can speak from some observation, was the model cruise of the Portsmouth in 1856-57, in the Eastern seas. It was model in every particular. He had a model ship, a frame of beauty and a thing of life. He had a model crew and officers. The crew Poote made what they became. The officers he chose for himself, and as one looks at their names (p. 121), the living and the dead, and most re living, we see with what sagacious dexterity the choice was made. All were distinguished after wards when strife began, one of them resuming the commission which he had resigned, and we see among them the names of another who is now, as a trusted man of science, sounding the depths of the Pacific, and one man who, nearer at hand, our townsman, Captain Simpson, is engaged in most responsible domestic service, and still another who in this volume (p. 409) pays a manly tribute to his old commander, and who, close at hand in his beautiful Orange church eloquently preaches the gospel of peace. Such were Foote's chosen companions on this brilliant cruise, which, though in peaceful times; had accidentally enough fighting about it to give it a dash of the heroic. We refer, of course, to the alt of the Barrier Forts in the Canton River. It was Foote's luck more than once in his life, and never more than in China, to have a relatively incapable superior. In 1856 the flag officer in the East was broken down by age and infirmity, and was quite content to leave anything like decisive action to others. The whole conduct of the affair cers of the flagship gallantly took part in it.

Captain Poote returned to a brief period of repose, during which, indeed, he was compelled to look on the rising cloud of civil war. In his political opinions he was, though of New England, no nitraist. He lavored conciliation. Foote had no doubt as to his duty, and immediately asked for active service. He got it at once, for no one did him fuller justice than his neighbor Secretary Welles, but it was not the "blue water." No part of the naval service of the civil war, not even the meffectual pursuit of the Alabama, was very elevating. Steam has put an end to the adventure of blockading, such as Collingwood had in the Channel, never going ashore for two years. or our squadron did at Tripoli or Vera Cruz or or the western coast of Mexico. But to such a man as Foote anything was better than fighting up a narrow river and shelling earthworks. Yet he went to work, not only without reptning, but with a will, and to the story so well told by his biographer we must refer the reader.

For his services Poote was thanked by Congress and made a rear admiral. While being nursed at home the news came to him that, in utter despair, as it were, the administration had offered him the South Atlantic squadron and ordered him to Charleston. On his way thither fatal symptoms of disease, long latent and aggravated by his wound, arrested him in New York, and here, at the Astor House, with his family around him, and his dear friend, Edward Simpson, one of the Portsmonth group, and who was to be (had he lived) his flag officer, at his side, he died on the

26th of June, 1863, aged fifty-six. THE COMMON FROG. By St. George Mivart, F. R. S., Macmilian & Co., London.

The author begins his work by asking, What is a frog? and leads the reader through 150 delightful pages before he finishes his definition. He is certainly in love with his subject, summing up his admiration of it by calling it the martyr of science. More than any other animal, frogs have been the subject of experiment. Physiologists have ex-sected their brains, amputated their legs and arms, removed their eyes and ears, injecting all sorts of poisons into their systems and touched their nerves with the fine end of a stroke of lightning, until we are ready to cry, Stay! let the poor fellow crawl under a lilypod while you try your practical jokes on some other vertebrate. Mr. Mivart gives us in this charming little volume a great many facts which tend to increase our respect for the inhabitant of the pond who makes night hideous with his incessant music-Unwilling to admit that he is inferior in any respect to other vertebrates, he claims that as th are dying fish and flying squirrels so there are flying frogs. He quotes, with entire approval, the the most curious and interesting creatures which I met in Borneo was a large tree frog, which was brought me by one of the Chinese workmen. He assured me that he had seen it come down, in a slanting direction, from a high tree, as if it new. On examining it I found the toes very long and fully webbed to their extremity, so that, when expanded, they offered a surface much larger than the body. The forelegs were also bordered by a membrane and the body was capable of consider able inflation." After this we shall not be far wrong when we call the trog a pretty bird, after The book is well written and is well adapted to stimulate a taste for natural history.

A FREE LANCE IN THE FIELD OF LIFE AND LET-TERS. By William Cleaver Wilkinson. New York: Albert Mason. This book is something of a curiosity both in

matter and style. It is evidently the product of a thoughtful mind, but is not in any sense a free lance, since the criticisms offered are within the ordinary range of intellectual effort. We have looked through the book to find where the title comes from, but have not yet discovered the place where it hides itself. To be sure, a title is a very telling thing, and every publisher knows its effect on the sale of a work, but it is hardly fair to make one open his eyes in surprise when he reads the title page, expecting to find in every chapter a novel and startling treatment of given subjects, and then go on to the word "Finis" with the ordinary methods and language of a common book reviewer. In this instance, the title is bigger than the book itself, and has no more relation to it than the fabled sermon had to the text when it was said that if the one had the smallpox the other would not catch it. Mr. Wilkinson first introduces us to an idolatrons worship of George Ellot. Such is his admiration of this amiable and gifted lady that he is compelled to reclassify our writers of fiction that he may make an honorable place in which she shall stand alone. Mrs. Browning has "virile affectations," Mme. de Stael is "strong distinctively as men are strong," but George Enot carries the leminine quality to its height. The literary style of this easay is not beyond criticism. The vocabulary of the author is exceedingly cumbersome. He uses a great many words of Latin and Greek origin, words of four or five syllables, which rather confuse the reader. To our mind no good essayist has any right to use, under ordinary cir-cumstances, words more than two syllables long. If he gets excited, he may once in a while—mark you, only once in a while—fold up his enthusiasm in a word or two of four syllables; but when he habitually pours out polysyllabic expressions his mania has become uncontrollable and he needs a strait jacket. The last essay of the book, on "Erasmus," is full of painstaking and is more than well worth reading. Its positions are taken with candor and firmness and the subject is handled in a skilful and scholarly manner. The other articles, on "Lowell" and "The Christian Commission," are only the ordinary productions of a magazine

HEBREW HISTORY. By Rev. Henry Cowles, D. D. D. Appleton & Co.

This is a well made book and does credit to the publisher. Like most of the books which come from the hands of this house, it is well printed and bound, and fit to occupy a place on the student's shelves. Mr. Cowles is from Operlin, Ohio, and is one of the many Western scholars who are proving their right to the attention and intellectual respect of the American people. The Western colleges, which twenty years ago were either not in existence, or, if just born, were compelled to be satisfied with very ordinary talent in the professors' chairs, have grown ambitious of late, and by prudently expended funds have secured the services of some of the best minds of the nation. It requires no gift of prophecy to assert that within the next two or three decades, the abundant wealth of the West will enable it to command for its professorships the finest culture and the profoundest scholarship of the country. "Hebrew History" is a well planned book. Beginning with the death every stage of development that marked the progress of the most remarkable race on the earth, then draws the green curtain at the end of the last act, when the old dispensation dies. His style is clear and vigorous, and his treatment of the various complicated questions which arise is, on the whole, very fair. His volume should be read, not only by the student of theology and sacred history, but by every one who lays claim to

THE ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF EUSEBIUS. Edited by F. A. March, LL. D. With an introduction by A. Baliard, D. D., and explanatory notes by W. B. Owen, A. M. Harper and Brothers.

This book consists of selections from Eusebius relating to the lives of the apostles and other per sons mentioned in the Bible, to the history of apostolic and other inspired writings, the fate of Jerusalem, the great persecutions, the acts of martyrs and the life and manners of the early ages. It is splendidly printed in Greek text, and is part of a series which owes its origin to an endowment by Mr. Benjamin Douglass, for the study of hardly a word of English in the volume we hesitate about commending it to the general reader. To the lawyer and the clergyman, who have kept up their love of the classics and who retain a knowledge of the difference between Alpha and Omega, it will be invaluable. The whole series, of

which this volume is a small part, will be a grate ful contribution to the dusty shelves of our col lege libraries.

David, King of Israel. By William M. Taylor, D. D. Harper & Brothers. All our readers are acquainted with the author He is one of the very best clerical importations that have been brought to this country—a man whose chief charm in preaching is his evident honesty and deep earnestness. As a pulpit grator method which secures notoriety rather than respect and solid fame. No clergyman in the city is more simple in style or more effective in utter ance than Dr. Taylor. The present volume was written, every chapter of it, con amore. It is evidently a work of a student in love with his sub ject. He begins at the beginning, and, as it were, lotters through the life of David, commenting as he goes on the various phases of the character of that little understood man, who exchanged the shepherd's crook for the sceptre of the king; who was at once impulsive and cautious; who at times rose to a power of anathema which makes the blood curdle and at times sung so sweetly that his Psaims become the tuliaby of the soul. The work will undoubtedly have a large sale and cannot fail to add to the general admiration

and respect for its author. David FRIEDRICH STRAUSS. By Ednard Zeller. London: Smith, Edder & Co.

This little volume will be interesting only to a small class of readers, but to them it will be exceedingly interesting. Strauss has stirred the this century. Beginning his career as a romancist, believing in somnambulism, mesmerism and spiritualism, he swung round to the opposite extreme in middle life and found satisfaction in denouncing these things as frauds. It is a curious fact, and one very significant to the student, that the lectures of Schleiermacher, whose conservatism ruled North Germany, created so much oppo-sition in Strauss' mind, that he set about writing the "Life of Jesus," and proving that all super naturalism is mythical. The book is very suggestive, and well worth reading. Its account of German student life will attract the attention of scholars. The number of hours which the contemplative Tentonic race can give to severe mental labor is simply prodigious. To work with or fifteen consecutive years is to us Americans a marvel so great that it taxes our credulity more than all the miracles which Strauss pronounce

Strauss was born in 1808, and was married to an actress, whose fine voice and artistic merit attracted him, in 1842. This marriage was an unhappy one, and the couple lived together only five years, when they separated by mutual consent. He took possession of the two children, a girl and a boy, and afterward lived the life of a recluse, somewhat soured by his conjugal experiences. In his childhood, with a singular presentiment hangts a tone of sadness in his life, which was, perhaps. caused by the excitement and criticism with which his aggressive books had been received, and which is embodied in the following little poem, written near the close of his career, entitled Over the Bhine, Once more to wander Were gladiv mine.

The seven mountains
Once more to see.
Then healthful breezes
Blow soft and tree. Then to the city
f next would rosm,
Which won the treasure
That blessed my home The house I would search for The streets about— Mother and children

This is a bracing, healthy book, written by a ro

habit of close observation and a taste for outdoor of insects which common eyes never see. One can hardly read this volume without feeling that he must spend his last penny in an aquarium. Life seems to be hardly worth the having if one has not a pet toad and a stock of bluebottle files to feed him withal, or a frog who has just begun to and again strips his own skin off and swallows it or at least a dozen or two of spiders, those pureky little puglilists who are always ready for a fight. That Mr. Wood must be a fine specimen of the physical man is evidenced by the incidental way in which he speaks of a half-mile swim as a matter of daily occurrence. We do not wonder that he can produce book after book in a rapid succession that would send most men to the bespital with a congestion of the brain, if he is able to perform such physical feats as are suggested by this incident. His encounter with a medura, classified scientifically as the cyanea capillata, offers such a plausible explanation of certain cramp, and is withal so interesting as showing the general style of the writer, that we reproduce it in part:—"One morning, toward the end of July, while swimming off the Margate coast, I saw at a distance something that looked like a patch of sand, occasionally visible and occasionally covered, as it were, by the waves. Knowing the coast pretty as it were, by the waves, knowing the coast presy well, and thinking that no sand ought to be in such a locality, I swam toward the strange object, and had got within some eight or ten yards of it before finding that it was composed of animal substances. I naturally thought it must be the refuse of some animal that had been thrown overboard, and swam away from it, not being anxious to come in contact with so unpleasant a substance. While still approaching it I had noticed a slight tingling in the toes of the left foot; but as I invariably suffer from cramp in those regions while swimming I took the pins and needles sensation for a symptom of the accus-tomed cramps and thought nothing of it. As I swam on, however, the tingling extended further and jurther, and began to feel very much like the sting of a nettle. Suddenly the truth flashed across me, and I made for shore as fast as I could. On turning round for that purpose I raised my right arm out of the water and found that dozens of slender and transparent threads were hanging from it, and evidently attached to the medura, now some forty or fitty feet away. The fliaments were slight and delicate as those of a spider's web, but there the similitude ceased, for each was armed with a myriad poisoned darts that worked their way into the tissues and affected the nervous system like the sting of wasps. Severe, however, as was this pain it was the least part of the torture inflicted by these apparently insignificant weapons. Both the respiration and the action of the heart became affected, while at short intervals sharp pangs shot through the chest, as if a bullet had passed through heart and lungs, causing me to fall as if struck by a leaden missile." It is not strange that Mr. Wood warns battling against the attacks of the cyanea capellata. The whole volume has an interest for the general reader which will insure a ready and large sale.

THE WINIER NOVELS.

makes her novels so dangerous. Her stories are so thoroughly absorbing that it is impossible for the reader to lay one down until it is finished. If George Sand were a coarse woman there would be little to fear from her writings. No one but a woman could write with such delicacy and yet such tremendous force. "George Sand under-stands the passions that tear the human breast better than any of the modern writers that I am acquainted with," remarks Miss Rachel, who is verging upon the uncertain age and has had her wn experiences.

"MY SISTER JEANNIE." Pelicia, who reads novels almost entirely for the story, readily agrees with Miss Rachel, but for her part it is the plot and the characters that are the most interesting. She says:-"Jeannie is cer-I think it a little unnatural that she should fall so desperately in love with a boy whom she had lived with as a brother. To be sure, she had long suspected that she was not the daughter of mme. Bielsa, in which case Laurent would not be her brother. I wonder that Mme. Bielsa did not fathom Jeannie's heart. Perhaps she did, and that was the reason that she did not press her to accept one of the many suitors who besought her hand."

"Laurent's love for Manuela, whom he bad never seen, is very natural," adds Fred; "I have experienced passions of that kind myself."

'Poor Manuela!" sighs Miss Rachel, "how weak vet how strong! Her life with Sir Richard must have been utterly miserable, notwithstanding his kindness. Of course she loved him, but what was her return? If the right man had married lanuela in the first place he might have made something of her. All she needed was the right sort of love. She was capable of bestowing a great heart full upon some one; but it was no more than natural that she should want a little in return. How like her it was to fall in love with Laurent. and how thoroughly consistent her running

"I wonder," muses Felicia, "If Laurent was not half in love with Jeannie even before he discovered that she was not his sister?"

"Felicia, I fear that you lose the best part of George Sand in your eagerness after the story," says Miss Rachel. "Do you ever stop to consider are of life's philosophy; how she goes down into the deepest abysses of the heart and brings its innermost secrets to the surface? Are you not filled with admiration at the beautiful language with which she clothes her thoughts; at the wit that fashes through the pages like diamonds on s velvet background? You lose a great deal, my Felicia; George sand is more than a story teller.' "A TERRIBLE SECRET."

The title, "A Terrible Secret" (Carleton), was entirely too sensational for Miss Rachel, and nothing would induce her to read the book. Felicia, who never stopped at anything in the shape of a novel, read the story through, and then gave her cousin the benefit of her opinion. "The story is not half so startling as its name implies. To be sure it could hardly be called a tale of every day life, yet there are some natural bits in it. The strange insanity in the Catheron family which led the men to murder their wives if they particularly doted on them is not consistent with average human nature. The devotion of Inez Catheron to her cousin, Sir Victor, is really touching. That she should be willing to be branded as a murderess to her cousin, Sir Victor, is really touching. That she should be willing to be branded as a murderess to save his good name, aithough he slighted her to marry a Miss Dobb, the beautiful daughter of a scap boiler, partakes, indeed, of the heroic. When the son of old Sir Victor appears upon the scene, and visits America, thinking that his father is dead, the story becomes quite interesting. The Stuart family, whom he meets here, and Edith Darrei, with whom he falls in love, are really sx-cellent types of a certain class of Americans. New York is full of just such girls as Beatrix Stuart, jolly, good-natured and a little rough. You and I know pienty of them, Cousin Rachel, and they are not so dreadful after all. I think it unnatural for a girl like Edith Darrei to have married Sir Victor while she loved her cousin, Charley Suart, so dearly; but, poor girl, her nigh marriage did not do her much good. The very day they were married sir Victor had a twinge of the family insanity. The bride and groom travel into Wales, and the groom goes out to smoke a cigar. When he returns he sees his wife sieeping, and he loves her so intensely that he knows that he will kill her if he stays there. So he writes a hasty note, and is off in the next train. When Edith wakes up she finds her husband gone. She reads the note, understands that she is deserted, refuses his proffered money with scorn and goes out as a shop girl. Time dies; she meets Sir Victor, and he bogs

She goes to his bedside, and he tells her the terrible secret—how near the Insanity he inherited came to being her death. She forgives him, and he dies. Then she goes back to America, has a deathbed scene on her own account and begs Charley Stuart to marry her before the breath leaves her body. He consents; they are married and she immediately revives."

"And is that the story you have been pouring over al iday ?" questions Miss Rachel, with a touch of disdain.

"THE PROZEN DEEP."
"If you want to read a story that will fasten your attention for about a couple of hours," said hiss Rachel to Felicia, "try Wilkie Collins" Prozen Deep.' There is enough incident crowded into those few pages to make an ordinary novel of three volumes."

those few pages to make an ordinary novel of three volumes."
Fred, who is seated by the window reading the introduction to the story, chimes in, "f should like to have seen the drama as it was played at Manchester at the Douglas Jerrola memorial. Just listen to the cast of the principal male parts:
Lieutenant Crayford, Mr. Mark Lemon; Frank Aldersley, Mr. Wilkie Collins; Richard Wardour, Mr. Charles Dickens; Lieutenant Steventon, Mr. Charles Dickens; Lieutenant Steventon, Mr. Charles Dickens, Jr.; Bateson, Mr. Shirley Brooks; Darker, Mr. Charles Collins. Just imagine such a cast!"

"Mr. Collins says." adds Miss Rachel, "that Dickens created a great part out of Ricchard Wardour, "No course wholly foreign to the great novelist's character than that of Wardour. Oil course what the same of th

found willing to publish it is more than surprising."

Like Mr. Wegg, Felicia often drops into poetry.
It is generally just before she retires to her snowy
count that she is seized with a poetic sentiment,
or sometimes after she is snugly tucked under the
covers she will turn up the gas over her head and
dip into a volume of Browning. Byron or even
Joaquin Miller. After hearing Albani in "Lucia"
the other night she had a toucu of sentimentalism,
and when she retired to her bedroom she ploked
up a volume of Nora Perry's, "After the Ball and
Other Poems," and sat with her leet on the fender
and began to read sloud to Miss Rachel, who was
snugly carled upon a corner of the lounge. "I
like this verse, coustin Rachel," and Pelicia read:—
And one face shining out like a star.

And one face shining out like a star, One face haunting the dreams of each, And one voice sweeter than others are Breaking into silvery speech.

Breaking into sivery speech.

It was a sad little poem; I wish that Maud might have lived and been happy too.

"Did Nora Perry write 'that waitz of Von Weber's'?' asked Miss Rachel. "I am very fond of that little bit, and have it copied in my work of poetic selections. It is about a clerk down in a dark counting house who heard a hand organ grinding out Weber's last waitz, and it tells of the memories the music recalled to his mind."

"Yes, here it is;" and Felicia reads:—

"Wat is it brings me that scene of enchantment.

What is it brings me that seene of enchantment, So iragrant and tresh from out the dead years. That lust for the moment I'll swear that the music Of Weber's wild waltzes were still in my earst

What is it indeed, in this dusty old alley.
That brings me that night or that morning in June?
What is it indeed.—I laugh to confess it.—
A hand organ grinding a creaking old tune!

That one memory only had left me a lonely
And grey-bearded bachelor, dreaming of Junos,
When the nights and the mornings, from the dusk to the
dawnings.
Seemed set to the music of Weber's wild tunes.

"It seems to me," said Miss Rachel, "that all of Nora Ferry's poetry is set to the music of Weber's wild tunes! There is a delicate sentiment about her verses that makes them very charming when one feets in the romantic mood;" and the two young isdies fell to musing—the elder of what had been and the younger of what was yet to come.

LITERARY CRIT-CHAT.

That old journalistic title, The Leader, is to be revived in a London organ of advanced thought in politics, literature, religion and art.

The oldest journal but one in Berlin, the Spener Gazette, will not appear after the 1st of November. The newspaper in question has existed no less than 134 years. The founders received the privilege of publishing it from Frederick the Great.

The Speciator pronounces Justin McCarthy's new

novel, "Linley Rocheford," superior to his former books as a study of character and in respect to its finished style, though inferior in interest as a story.

The latest work on Pompeli is by Signor Curti. and is in three volumes, with fine engravings and a good itinerary among the ruins. Mr. J. O. Hailiwell, the Shakespearian scholar,

will bring out shortly his "fliustrations of the Life of Shakespeare," in a follo volume. Mr. Halliweil has ransacked all England for materials for this work.

Soon after Judan P, Benjamin, of Louisiana, established himself as a London barrister, he wrote a "Treatise on the Law of Sales," which has passed through two editions in London, and will be reissued here by Hurd & Houghton. That industrious poet and translator, the Rev.

Charles T. Brooks, will soon publish a "Book of Sententious Sayings," made up from the noted writers in all languages,
Raiph Waldo Emerson's new book, "Parnassus." will contain an anthology of the finest poems

which the distinguished editor approves, and will be accompanied with brief critical notices. Os-

good & Co., of Boston, will publish the book.

A Reminiscence for the Vatican Controversy.

DOLLINGER AND GLADSTONE.

LONDON GOSSIP.

Dickens and the Philanthropic Pillman.

MERTROPOLITAN ODDS AND ENDS.

LONDON, Nov. 2L 1874. In default of more exciting topics public atten-tion is still concentrated on the fight between MR. GLADSTONE AND THE VATIOAN,

and the flame is fanned from time to time by the publication of letters from "eminent hands," such morning the journals put forth the interesting in-terview with Dr. Döllinger, sent to the HERALD by its Munich correspondent. Meanwhile the tories, who are keenly alive to the gain or loss of political capital, are rather frightened lest the ex-Premier's outspokenness may do him good with the constituencies, and they are, therefore, laboring to prove that the pamphlet, though virulens, does not say much for his Protestantism after all. Rome, the celebrated John Henry Newman wrote an essay "On the Catholicity of the Anglican Chuch," which was very much in the spirit of Mr. Gladstone's brochure. From that essay the fol-

Gladstone's brockure. From that essay the following is an extract:—

Till we see in them as a Church more straightforwardness, truth and openness, more of severe obedience to God's least commandments, more scrupplousness about means, less of a political, scheming, grasping spirit, less of intrigue, less that looks hollow and superficial, less accommodation to the tastes of the vulgar, less subserviency to the vices of the rich, less humbring of men's morbid and wayward imaginations, less indiagence of their low and carnal superstitions, less intimacy with the revolutionary spirit of the day, we will keep aloof from them as we do. In perplexed times such as these, when the landmarks of truth are tors up or buried, here is a sure guide providentially given us, which we cannot be wrong in following, "By their fruits ye shall know them" When we go into foreign countries, we see superstitions in the Roman Church which shock us; when we read instory we find its spirit of intrigue so rife, so widely spread, that "Jesuitsm" has become a byword; when we look round us at heme we see it associated everywhere with the low democracy, pandering to the spirit of rebelion, the lust of change, the unthankiulness of the irreligions, and the enviousness of the needy. We see its grave theologians cornecting their names with men who are corvicted by the common sense of mankind of something very like perjury, and its leaders in alliance with a political party, notorious in the orbes terrarum as a sort of standard in every place of liberalism and infidelity. We see it attempting to gain converts among us by unreal representations of its doctrines, plausible statements, soid assertions, appeals to the weaknessee of mankind of something to attract attention, as gyperies make up to trunnt boys, holding out tales for the nusery, and pretty pictures, and gold gingerbread, and physic concaled in jam, and sugar plums for good children.

One would say that nothing could be much stronger against the Roman Catholics than that, and yet within a

and yet within a few months of its publication the writer was received into the Ronish Church, of which, as Pather Newman, he is now one of the greatest ornaments. So, say our friends the priests, arguing from analogy, thre is no reason why Mr. Gladstone, though he doth protest so much, might speedily declare himself, what he is at heart, au "Old Catholic."

By the way, Dr. Döllinger is not very well posted up in regard to our electoral statistics. He

ap in regard to our electors statistics. He states that "the representation of Ireland is ultra-montane, guided by a blanep or bishops re-ceiving their directions from Rome;" thus taking no account of the large proportion of Orangemen and less pronounced Protestants to whom the Roman Catholic doctrines are worse than poison. I think, however, the HERALD correspondent has placed beyond a doubt the fact that Mr. Glad-stone's pamphlet is really the outcome of his interview with Dr. Döllinger, although the Daily Telegraph so strenuously denied it the other day.

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA is still here, but will probably leave next month immediately after the christening of her grand. child. Rumor still states very positively that Her Imperial Majesty keenly feels the slight put upon her by the Queen, who returned from Balmoral this morning, and some say that the Empress urging her own delicate state of health as an exonse. She has been suffering from a rather sharp bronchial attack, and the court physician has come over from Petersburg to attend her. Her two sons, the Czarowitz and the Duke Alexis, seem to be enjoying themselves very much, going every night to the theatre. The Prince and Princess of Wales are entertaining a large party at Sandrigham, shooting pheasants during the day and dancing at night. The fact that Mr. Chamberlain, Mayor of Birmingham, who recently entertained the prince and princess, is a professed republican seems to have cleated unnecessary discussion. The people here do not appear to comprehend that a man can be a republican and yet behave himself with pointeness to titled persons with whom he has official relations. Mr. Chamberlan, while acquitting himself in his office in such a manner as to earn the compliments of the royal party, did so without abrogating his political sentiments, as the forthcoming number of the Forthchithy Excited will probably show. Mr. Disraeli has even

nightly Review will probably show. Mr. Disraeli has even

GOLDEN OPINIONS
from the geographers by the graceful manner in which he has consented on behalf of the government to the equipment of a new Arctic expedition. Preparations are already being made, as there is no intention of allowing a revocation of the permission. Sir Joseph McClintock, the famous Polar explorer, has received a commission to purchase two sintable vessels, and has gone to Dundee, the principal whaling port, to look for them. It is expected that Captain Markham will have the command. Apropos, I met at dinner last night Lieuenant Payer, the Austrian explorer. He meditates a visit to New York, and I took the liberty of assoring him he would meet with a hearty welcome from the Geographical Society and the courteous Chief Judge C. P. Daly.

I hear from good authority that the government will, next session, make some modification in the EDUCATION ACT, which, in its working, has been found to press hardly on the lower classes. Some of the agents of the school boards have been much too zealous in bringing cases of omission to send children to they heard of Professor Benton's

bringing cases of omission to send children to the board schools.

"Lives there a man with soul so dead" as never to have heard of Professor Benton's

BIOLLOWAY'S FILLS
and ointment? These curative medicines have been constantly advertused for the last twenty years in every newspaper in the world, the result of its publicity being that the Professor has realized an enormous fortune. He and his wife are now well stricken in years and they have no children. So he is spending his money in beneficence. Believing—possibily from the large sale of his quack medicines—that most people are mad, he has built an asylum for the insane at Virginia Water, near Windsor, at a cost of £100,000, and he is now about to erect at Egiams a university for ladies, on an estate which he has just bought for £25,000. The best professors will be engaged to give nighest education possible to women, and the scheme will cost £150,000. This Mr. Holloway once asked

DICKENS TO WRITE

once asked

DICKENS TO WRITE

one page of matter, mentioning in some way or other Holloway's pills. In the envelope containing this request was a check for £1,000. Dickens, who was greatly annoyed, put envelope and contents into another, loose, and returned them by the messenger, saying there was no answer. I had this story from Dickens' own libs.

On Tuesday next the Tichborne Claimant is to be brought from the Milibank Prison, where he is confined, to the Central Criminal Court, where he is to be examined as a witness in an action for libel which is brought by Mrs. Pittendrelgh against Dr. Keneally. This action is believed to be what is called in England a "plant," in America "a put up job," the sole intention of it being that the claimant should be once more paraded in person before the public with the view of attempting to revive the interest which had altogether died out. I do not imagine it will have the dearred effect. The public meetings which they have held, the subscriptions they have started, started, the newspaper that was to be their organ, all have signally failed, and the Tichborne case was voted a nuisance, of which everyoody was giad to hear the last. People will be surprised at the wonderful change in the aspect of the claimant. Since his confinement he has lost upwards of 100 pounds in weight, and is now a man of ordinary proportions. He still has, it is said, the huge, bagry jowi, but the vast stomach has entirely disappeared. I understand that he is very silent and

very dejected. He walks in a yard for exercise alone and has no communication with any of the

other prisoners.

The most fashionable amusement of the present season is undoubtedly the stating such as those attended at Petersburg, but a much milder and less enjoyable style of exercise. The skating which obtains among us is on wheels, such as you have seen at the theatre, and the rink is simply a large surface of asphalt. The rink attached to Prime's Club is the most fashionable, and as the exercise seems to lend the greatest facility for indiscriminate furtation and solitude a deux it is extremely popular. Our beauties, however, must beware. Asphalt is not pleasant to fall upon, and last week a very pretty girl skating in the rink at Brighton had a tumble and knocked out five front teeth. Surgeons recommend the rinks as good places to exercise. No wonder!

DOS TOM HOOD died yesterday morning, after a long illness, with drobsy for its final stage. He was only forty, and not long ago was a very good looking man. Very pleasant, too, and genial, without much solid power of writing, but with a free pen, given to opining and dainty rhymes. He was the only son of the Thomas Hood, and had an only sister, Mrs. Brodlief. He wrote a good many books and contributed to a good many periodicals, but was perhaps best known as editor of Pun. He intended going out to lecture in America, but met with no encouragement from the entrepreneur; a pity, for he had a fine presence, a good voice and, as his father's son, would have been warmly welcomed. Nothing new at

THE THEATERS.

Since I last wrote all are doing much better than is usual at this time of year. The Lyceum ("Hamlet"), and the Haymarket ("Dundrearry") exceptionally well. To-night Miss Amy Sheridian an English blonde who, if I mistake not, did not succeed on your side, opens the Opera Comique, the money being found by a German Hebrew speculator well known in this city.

GRADY'S DIAMONDS.

He Drops \$8,000 Worth and Has a Litt. tie Trouble in Recovering Them-John D. Grady is a diamond broker, and generally goes about with \$30,000 or \$40,000 worth of these gems in his pocket. He carries them very loosely, handles them carelessly, and occasionally drops \$5,000 or \$6,000 worth in the street. He dropped \$6,000 worth in Court street about a year ago, and had to give a reward of \$1,000 to get nem back. On the 12th of November he dropped \$8,000 worth of these precious stones near the Fulton ferry, while he was chasing one his loss he swore at himself, called himself all the careless vagabonds he could think of, and declared he would never trust himself again with diamonds as far as he could see himself. After hunting the street over where he supposed he dropped the jewels without being able to discover them, he wanted somebody to kick him. He thought if somebody would just give him a good kicking he would feel better. Upon cooling off. thought if somebody would just give him a good kicking he would feel better. Upon cooling off, however, he offered a reward of \$1,500. After a week or two had passed he began to think he was not likely to get his property back. When he had about given up all hope he ran across a newsboy named Smith, who said he saw Officer Grant, of the Second precinct, pick up the package containing the diamonds. He made an affday it to the fact and Grady went for Grant. Grant denied having picked up the diamonds, but told Grady that he thought he could get them for him. Grady's hopes began to brighten, and he offered Grant, as ne says, \$500, but Grant is alleged to have said that \$1,000 would come nearer to the mark. Then he saw the full amount, \$1,500. Grady left him without being able to get nis diamonds. He then received a letter from a lawyer named Grook who told him he might be able to assist him in getting his diamonds. Grady saw Crook, but was unable at the first interview to get the diamonds or to discover who had them. Grady began to get uneasy, and finally shook the \$1,500 on the lawyer's desk, whereupon the diamonds, with the exception of a lady's cluster pin, were produced. Now Grady makes an affidavit to the effect that there was, as he believes, an effort on the part of the lawyer, the officer and another party to deprive him of his property. Grady, therefore, obtained the following injunction from the Superior Court restraining the lawyer from disposing of the reward until further orders from the Court.

**New York Suprems Court, Kings County, se:—James G. Grant, John Doe and Abel Crook.—On the samended

ward until further Orders from the Court.

New York Supreme Court, Kings County, s:—James
G. Grant, John Doe and Abel Crook.—On the amended
affidavit and comp aint to be served herein, and on such
irrither affidavits and papers as may be served before
and read on the argument herein, let the defendants or
heir attorneys show asuas before me. one of the Justices
of this Court at Chambers thereof, in the County Court
House, city of Brooklyn, on the 7th day of December, 1874,
at ten A. M. of said day, why the defendant Abel Crook
should not be enjoined from paying over or disposing of
to any purson or persons the sam of \$1,000 deposited with
him by John B. Grady, plaintiff herein, on the 28th day
and why the defendant should not have yetch action
further relief as to this Court may seem just, and in the
meantime the said defendant, Abel Crook, is hereby enjoined from paying over to, or disposing of, the sum of
\$1,500, or any portion thereof, to any person or persons,
until the further order of this Court.

Dated Brooklyn, Nov. 30, 1874.

On this a summons for relief was Issued, and

On this a summons for relief was issued, and Jonas G. Grant, Abel Crook and the middle man, "John Doe," will have to appear before Judge Tappen on Monday morning.

RRUTAL TREATMENT ON AN AMERICAN SHIP.

(From the New Zealand (Dunedin) Times, Oct. 22.1 We commented, a lew days ago, on the nature of the evidence given before the m Port Chalmers in the preliminary inquiry into the supposed murder of a seaman by the second mate (Dodd) on board the bark Oneca. The allegations then made and the hints of further revelations were such as to lead to the belief that the state of matters on board that ship, and the conduct of the master throughout the voyage were such as to call for a very scrutinizing inquiry by the American Consul, if not by the British authorities. The full report more than confirms the impression conveyed by that forwarded by telegraph. There not the slightest doubt, if the evidence is trueand upon it, as given before a higher court, the prisoner has been convicted of manslaughterthat the master of the vessel is one of those inhuman brutes who have disgraced the mercantile

prisoner has been convicted of mansiaughter—that the master of the vessel is one of those inhuman brutes who have disgraced the mercantile navy in time past, who have all but disappeared from the British marine, but are suil to be found in number too great under the American flag. He seems to have fereat the second officer to follow up his system of treatment and to have been quite prepared for more than one murder. The chief officer, the cook, the stewardess, several of the seamen and one or more of the apprentices, all have given evidence of the most serious character—evidence which, we trust, the authorities will see it impossible to overlook. So frighted a case has never, in our recollection, come believe that the public of New Zealand.

A SAILOB BOY'S EXPERINCES.

It will be remembered that during the examination of Dodd, the second mate of the Oneca, one of the witnesses (Frederick Travers) asked the magistrate if he might say something "on his own account." And, this being objected to by counsel, he expressed a desire to be allowed to come ashore next day to interview the magistrate. This was acceded to; and, after hearing the lad's story and ascertaining his bodily condition, Mr. Mansford sent him to the Dunedin Hospital. One of our reporters visited Travers there, and obtained from him a statement of his treatment on board the ship. While the trial of Dodd was pending we suppressed this, but there no longer exists any reason for withholding it from publication. The following is the

STATEMENT OF PREDERICK TRAVERS.

I left New York in the Oneca on June 6. I shipped as an ordinary seaman. It was my first time to sail with Captain Henry. The ship did not call at any port on the way. About two days after leaving New York the captain hit me with the ropes. I was pulling at a rope, but he said that I was not pulling hard enough. He hit me once over the head and once round the body. He also made me climb the backstays for two hours one deck while I was on the backstays. They laughed at me. He hit me every day

MURDEROUS HIGHWAYMEN.

Mr. Edward Fallow, of No. 425 East 117th street, was returning home shortly before twelve o'clock on Friday night. He was almost at his house when two men sprang upon and began to pummel him. in the general melde which occurred one of his assailants drew a pistol and discharged it, the ball striking Fallow on the left arm. The thieves had by this time taken from him a small satchel, which contained a small sum of money and some less valuable items, and when the shot was fired they ran away. Mr. Fallow went to the Twellth pre-cinct station house, where he related his advocative and had the wound in his arm dressad.